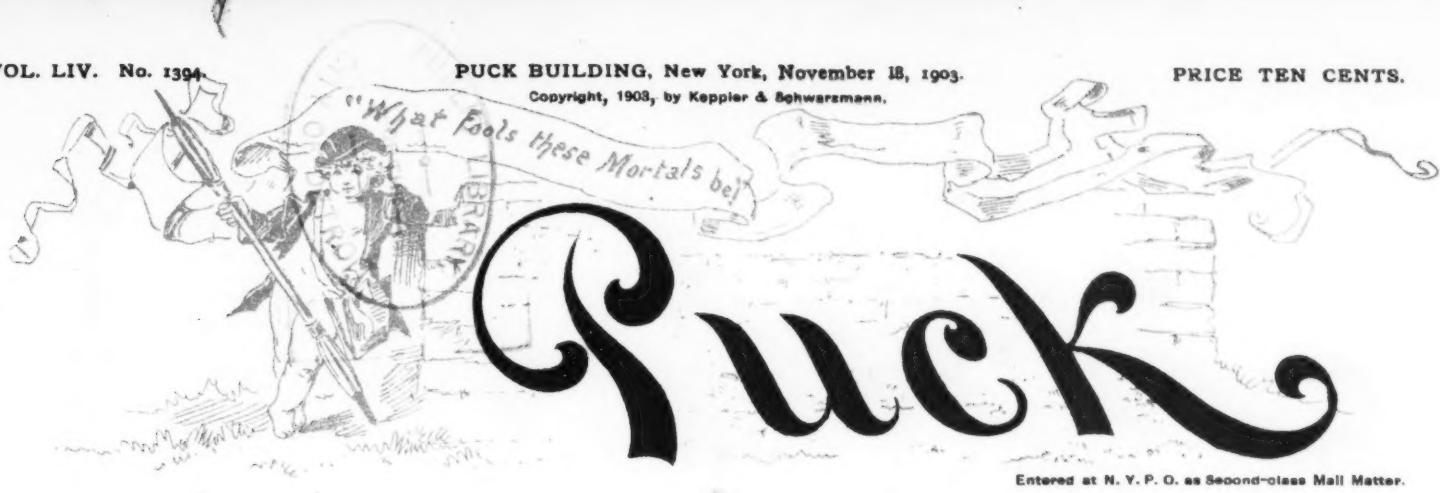


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THE TRUST PROMOTER'S NIGHTMARE.



Fill mah pipe en light it too
Wid a red-hot embeh;
No mo' wuk foh man to do—
Hurrah foh Novembeh!

Victor A. Hermann.

AN ANTIQUARIAN FIND.

"Why, I thought the story that Romulus and Remus were suckled by a she-wolf was mere fable."

"Well, so did most people, I suppose. But here's Professor Diggemup, the famous antiquarian, has made excavations and researches, and claims to have discovered evidence that it is an actual fact."

"You don't say so!"

"Why, yes. It is rumored that the Professor is going to write a magazine article proving that the she-wolf brought those twins through the whooping-cough, scarlet fever and measles; gave them paregoric to keep them quiet while they were teething; and, when they were very troublesome, made her husband walk the floor with them at night."

A SHREWD GUESS.

FARMER BORNKICKER.—Hod-durn! Did ye see that 'ere yaller intermobile that went by a spell ago, twistin' and windin' from one side of the road to the other?

FARMER HORNBEAK.—Yup! Acted like William Jennin's Bryan was runnin' it, did n't it?

A SABLE SONG OF NOVEMBER.

E FALL rain pitteh en de fall rain
patteh—
Honey, what a dreahy ol' wohl';
De Noff win' whistle en de Noff
win' scatteh
De leabes es he scuhhy en whril.
But cheeh up, man, de possum's
gittin' fatteh

So snug in de ol' hollow tree,
Ham in de pot en a pan full ob batteh—
Hahd times will nebbeh ketch me!

Jack Fros' in de sumac groun'
See him white en gleamin';
Tuhkey struttin' roun' en roun'
(Soon be brown en steamin').
Punkin in de gahden-lan'
Yellowin' since Septembeh;
Rabbit in de fryin' pan—
Hurrah foh Novembeh!

De pine tree am noddin' en de pine tree 's sighin'
En ol' Crow doan' caw so gay;
En way up deh de wil' geese am flyin'
Lak a V on a cuhtin ob gray.
De peppeh, de mint en de yahbs am dryin'
On a string way up in de lof';
En de snow clouds say det Mis' Fall am dyin'
Ol' Winteh creep down fum de Noff.

Snow am cummin' soon, Ah say,
Sho es yo' am libbin';
Felt it in mah bones to-day—
Dishful foh Thanksgebabin'.



DISQUALIFIED.

PAT.—Oi dreampt lasht noight that Oi died an' wint t' hivin!

MIKE.—An' did ye play ann a harrp?

PAT.—Oi did not! St. Peter towld me Oi 'd hov t' go back t' N' York an' jine th' musical union befoore Oi kud tooch a dom instrument!

It is hard for most of us to draw an inference in plain black and white, without coloring it.

PUCK



WHAT HE MEANT.

"Archibald saved the widow from drowning, you know, but he could n't save himself."
 "You surely don't mean that he lost his life?"
 "Not exactly. The widow married him."

WHOM MAMMON HATH JOINED.

HE BRIDE'S lawyers wore frock coats cut demi-traine, with orchids in their hair. They preceded the groom's lawyers, in the procession up the aisle. The groom's lawyers wore English walking shoes, with diamonds.

During the haggling at the altar, a brass band concealed in the baptistry played popular airs, while the ushers distributed peanuts and high-balls.

The ceremony was the one-ring ceremony, the bride's father provoking great merriment by remarking in a loud whisper that he always thought there was more real fun in a one-ring circus than in a three-ring circus.

It was a sight to make angels weep. But only the very old-fashioned cry at weddings any more.

LAW.

WHO killed Cock Robin?

"I," said the Sparrow, "with my bow and arrow."

Who saw him do it?

"I," said the Wren, and the Jay, and the Crow,

"I saw the Sparrow, with his bow and arrow,

Kill Cock Robin."

"There 's only one way out
 Of this scrape," said the Sparrow's Lawyer.
 "Since you did it, and they saw yer,
 And that 's by a writ of reasonable doubt."



A MATTER OF SPEED.

THE BIRD.—How did the Tortoise manage to establish his innocence of the charge?

THE RABBIT.—He proved an alibi—showed that he was two blocks away an hour after it happened.

PUCK

HANS AND HIS CHUMS.

No. 14.



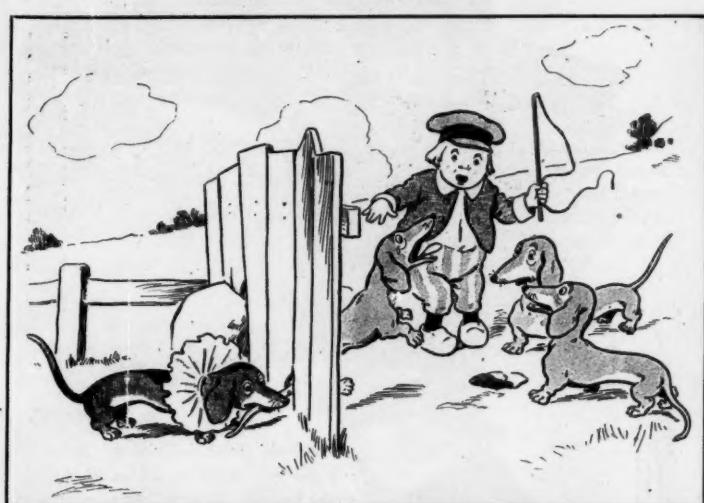
I.
"What? Hunting dogs? And yet you quake,"
Cried Hans, "at just a harmless snake."



II.
"Be quick!" — he gave his whip a crack;
But tardy was the timid pack.



III.
"Yes; there he is," thought Dackel. "See!
No snake can trifle long with me."



IV.
"I'll have the laugh on Hans to-day.
But — strange a snake should yelp that way."



V.
"I almost fear — Alas! It's so.
Here's Hans. I'm bad again, I know."



VI.
"Another time," quoth Hans, "don't fail
To recognize your brother's tail."

If money really talked it might make some interesting remarks about some of the people who have it.

PUCK

A SCHOOL BOARD MEETING OF THE FUTURE.



(“A Teacher of Dancing has just been appointed to the Central High School.”—*Daily paper.*)

“GENTLEMEN,” said the President of the School Board, “we have now unanimously voted a thousand dollars from the school funds for a loving cup to the Professor of Football as a slight testimonial of his energetic assistance in winning the inter-scholastic football championship of the state for the city. We have sanctioned the request of the

Terpsichorean Professor for a year’s leave of absence with full pay continued to be spent at Paris in future study. We have agreed to an expenditure of several thousand dollars to build a much needed dance hall for the inculcation of grace among our young people. Is there any other business to come before the meeting?”

“I move that the head of the department of Social Science be granted another assistant in the card division of his department. I am credibly informed that the teacher of Bridge Whist is totally unable to meet the demands for instruction in our Central High School,” said a member of the Board.

The President of the Board looked shocked. “If this is true we should at once take steps to remedy the matter. It has been our pride that the city schools of Cosmopolis are among the very best in the country. The social graces must be maintained. In the education of our youth Bridge Whist is not less important than the fundamentals of Athletics, Terpsichorean Motion. The Evolution of Rag-time and Amateur Theatricals. Do I hear a second to this motion?”

“Seconded!” shouted five voices.

The motion was carried unanimously.

“Any further new business?” demanded the president.

“I observe by this morning’s paper that a new Cake Walk has been invented at Timbuctoo. It is said on the highest authority to be the most undignified piece of contortion ever yet devised. I move that a special commission be appointed to visit Timbuctoo and

acquire the very latest grace for the school children of Cosmopolis.” Motion seconded: passed without a dissenting vote.

“Any further new business?”

A hesitant member of the Board rose diffidently.

“I am a newly elected member, and I daresay that my ideas are somewhat behind the times. At the same time I thought of suggesting—merely of suggesting, you understand, gentlemen—that possibly some concession might be made to old-fashioned residents by introducing into the curriculum of the public schools, if the time could be spared, the study of either writing, reading, arithmetic, grammar, geography or history. I am quite well aware that the pursuit of these branches is antiquated, just as is the study of classics in our colleges. I would not for a moment propose that we give less attention to the fundamentals—to social grace, to athletics, to gymnastics, or nature study—but merely that we sandwich in an occasional lecture on these less important themes.”

The rash member who had proposed this startling innovation looked around on a circle of faces stern and unsympathetic, then hastily sat down trying to look as if he could prove an alibi.

“You hear the suggestion,” coldly remarked the President. “I would ask the Board to remember that the curriculum is already very full and that we should not thoughtlessly infringe upon the time given to the necessary branches pursued. The introduction of any of these no doubt very commendable luxuries, such as grammar or arithmetic, would indubitably interfere with some of the great fundamentals of our school system. We are to remember that education is achieved only by entertaining the young and impressionable minds. It is primarily a matter of amusement, and these proposed branches can not be classed under such a head. I would further state that a concession to the practical has already been made. We now teach efficiently the making of Mexican Drawn Work and Pâté de Foie Gras. Truly, this ought to suffice. Let us conserve always the ideals of higher education which can not at all subserve the material. Was this suggestion in the form of a motion, may I ask?”

Apparently it was not. The indiscreet member hastily expressed himself as penitent.

The Board then adjourned.

William MacLeod Raine.



THE VANQUISHED.

“Why, children, I hope you have n’t been quarreling!”

“Course we have n’t. If we was, there ’d be only one of us blubberin’.”



THE HORSE SHOW.

The pretty maidens throng the house
In most bewitching splendor,
Ostensibly at equine shrines
Their homage come to render.

But in the glittering array
It taxes our resources
If we should sing of Horse Show Girls.
Or else of Girl Show Horses.

PUCK

PUCK

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CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

MARCUS: HIS PLAIN DUTY. SENATOR HANNA of Ohio is a source of worry to his intimates. Apparently, he is as well as ever, but there is a limit to human endurance and the Hanna presidential boom makes constantly growing demands on the strength of the famous statesman. To keep a boom alive, to fan it and blow it, is an exhausting job for even the best trained politician, but to kill a boom, to knife it after it has passed to the hands of one's loving friends, is a task from which a Hercules might shrink dismayed. This, notwithstanding, Senator Hanna essays to do; to kill his loyal boom, to knife it shamelessly as it licks his palm. Why this armed defiance by the senior senator? This nerve-rending, body-racking quarrel with, it may be, fate? We can offer no plausible answer. The thing seems altogether incredible; entirely incompatible with the Hanna make-up. Any man, we should think, so beautifully optimistic as to attempt the merging of labor and capital into one harmonious whole would not only be willing but eager to run for president. We should think he would deem it his simple duty and do nothing that would deprive his party of the vast power vested in such a candidate. What would the differences of politics be to a man of this stamp? He who does the impossible, easily and without fatigue, in the industrial world would seemingly approach political factions with the blandest confidence in his ability to soothe. He would be consistent in expecting not only the votes of his own party but those of the opposition as well; while on the campaign stump, he would mould into a single, cheering host Populists and Plutocrats, Bryanites and Hannaites, Socialists and Trust Magnates, New York café keepers and New England Prohibitionists; not to mention any quantity of other and, at present, equally antagonistic bodies. To reconcile these for campaign purposes should be mere child's play for the mentor of labor and capital. The nation would make his election unanimous. Who marvels, then, at his expanding boom?

THE ONLY INFERENCE. THE first real test of a mayor-elect, the gauge which determines with mathematical nicety his fitness for office, is the preliminary era of appointments; that epoch of mysterious uncertainty between the middle of November and the first of January. Through this most critical period, the Hon. George B. McClellan is now *en route*. And the quality of the government we are soon to have, whether this adjective or that shall properly define it, will depend very largely upon whom he selects. Hence, we speak; not in behalf of any candidate, but in behalf of the great New York public, which is to be served. There are certain incontrovertible facts which the mayor to be must remember. They are facts framed and posted at the recent election, facts born of the ballot and facts nowhere so essential as in the mayor's mind as he makes up his slate. The voters of New York on the third day of this month set the seal of their disapproval upon honesty and efficiency in office. They have settled a stinging rebuke on this sort of local government and the only sane inference which Mayor McClellan or any one else can draw from their ballots is the plain one that, under no circumstances, shall such an administration be duplicated. This is the fact of facts which the election established. Obviously, the Mayor must name commissioners, for the Charter so instructs him. But he must bear constantly in mind the kind of commissioners which the public will not have and of whom it has formally disapproved: commissioners who pave streets and clean them, who reduce fire losses, the tax rate and

the death rate and who feed real food to the city's poor. If, in the face of election's lesson, Mayor McClellan should err in this respect, he will have none but himself to blame. Honesty, efficiency, skill and trained ability were repudiated decisively at the polls. Therefore, let him ponder deeply and appoint only such men commissioners as can avoid beyond question the mistakes of the Low regime; to the Street Cleaning Department, another cheap gambler, let us say; to the police, a Devery—there are plenty left; to the Health, a Sexton; to Charities, a grafter at the expense of the penniless and to the other departments on the list, men of similar breed and status. The public is master. And its preferences count as commands.

Puck's Christmas Number.

IN THESE deprecative days, when the demand for pepsin in the world of finance greatly exceeds the visible supply, a stock which defies depression is its own best bid for purchasers. Such a stock, we are confident, will be found in *Christmas Puck*, which will not only defy depression, but rout completely the insidious foe on **Wednesday, December 2nd**; a date which shrewd investors will wisely remember. The reality, in a word, will far surpass the prospectus, though the latter, let us add, is by no means non-committal. *Christmas Puck*, in an era of uncertain investments, has everything in its favor. Costing but 25 cents, which our friends will note is even less than the price of a notorious industrial, it will offer on purchase unparalleled dividends in Art, Humor and Modern Attractiveness. Nor will its dividends be paid from the investors' own money, as each will receive from the 48 splendid pages many times over the cost of his venture. That alone should commend it, we think, to victims of acute indigestion or water in the wallet. Of the dividends aforesaid, we may mention here a double page in color by O'Neill, "When We All Believe," Glacken's holiday cover in colors and gold, page and half-page illustrations by these and other artists of PUCK's exclusive staff and in point of seasonable literature, a fine array of Christmas verse and prose; all of it up-to-date and, if we may be pardoned, even a trifle beyond. If you are already a subscriber, *Christmas Puck* will go to you without extra cost. If not, you may get it of your news-dealer, or by sending 25 cents in stamps to the Publishers of PUCK, New York.

Puck's New Christmas Card designed by Mr. Frank A. Nankivell and printed in colors and gold, is ready for all who would make, of a year's subscription to PUCK, a lasting Christmas gift. Filled out with the sender's and the recipient's name, the card is a most appropriate announcement of the coming weekly visits. There is no better Christmas gift than a year's subscription to PUCK and no better time to begin it than with the Christmas issue.



COMPARATIVELY MILD.

PLUMBER.—I hope you don't think my bill is extortionate, sir?

MANUFACTURER.—Oh, not at all. I've just had an interview with a walking delegate.



J. OTTMANN LITH. CO. PUCK BLDG. N.Y.

A WORD TO THE OT

PUCK.—Madam, you can attract neither brains nor decency.



TO THE OTHERWISE.

Her brains or decency to society with this miserable outfit.

PUCK

GOVERNMENTS.



"**T**WAS for these lofty purposes," wrote the enthusiastic scholar, "that governments were instituted among men;" and when he wrote it his own government would, if it could, have immured him in a deep and substantial dungeon to show him what governments are really for.

In order to clear up any misconception that may exist, I will now state how and why governments were instituted among men, and will then, in brief, explain their workings.

To clearly understand the subject of government it will be necessary for us, in imagination, to transport ourselves far into the past. We find ourselves surrounded by the forest primeval; the birds are singing in the foliage, the animals are disporting themselves, man is engaged in some agreeable pastime. Birds and animals and all nature are free. Even man is free, and they are all rejoicing and feeling first-rate.

"I will not," we hear a heady savage observing, "I will not pay my good money to support a king lying beneath a rich, embroidered canopy eating his viands from a golden dish."

"Oh, you won't?" says Fate, and straightway governments were instituted among men. And thereafter the heady savage not only put up his good money, but politely bent his knee when he offered it. Moreover, he cheered lustily when the king rode by under his rich embroidered canopy, and in after times he subscribed for a newspaper, and read with delight, what the king was in the habit of eating out of his golden dish.

The first government was undoubtedly established by a large fury savage belting another savage with a club and informing him solemnly that his name was Me Too. If my deductions are correct, the first savage got the second into a disadvantageous position where he could let him have it, by assuring him that his one purpose in life was to do him good.

In this simple manner a great many small governments sprang up over all the salubrious land of Asia. In the course of time a strong, vigorous and stealthy chief, who was a good natural liar and a fair hypnotist for the times, would secure other subjects until he would rule over say, six. He would then begin to call them a great and glorious nation, and tell them that they were especially remarkable for their intelligence, their public virtues and their love of liberty.

That is the way governments were instituted among men.

It would have been a manifest advantage for these small governments to join together, not so much for the protection of the people against invasion, as the books state, but to reduce the percentage of chiefs. When six persons have to support a king all by themselves it makes an excessive demand upon their civic virtues. It would, therefore, have been much to the credit of the chiefs if they had perceived this and



ATTRACTI0NS.

"I like you because you are so sweet and tender."

"Dear me! You talk like a consumer!"

had been intent on remedying the evil when they began to amalgamate governments. But chiefs were not actuated by this idea. The way governments came to be united was this: a chief would see that another chief was disabled by age or wounds or overeating, and he would therefore take his life and annex his kingdom. In this way there came to be nations of 12 people and then of 24 people and then of 48 people, and governments became established among men.

In the first beginning the chief satisfied himself by taking away the cocoanut that his single subject had climbed the tree for—that was all the first government took, because that was all there was to take, but as the country became prosperous, and business grew diversified, and the subjects got birds and wild fruits and clams, the chief took them, too, and the great central idea of government became crystallized. The chief then issued an order that he should not be obliged to take the things, but that the subjects should bring them in.

In the earlier times the order was that the subjects should bring in all they had, and this was a very good



AN UNSCRUPULOUS FINANCIER.

SHE.—I understand the Count feels quite bitter toward his father-in-law.

HE.—Why?

SHE.—Well, it appears that in the marriage settlement the old gentleman unloaded a lot of undigested securities.

Not only does good wine need no bush, but it is doubtful if some of our select brands ever felt the necessity of a vine.

PUCK



A DOWN EAST VIEW.

LITTLEBY.—This free, open-air life is a glorious thing!
HIS GUIDE.—Well, may be so, but there ain't much money in it!

and perfectly logical idea, and in theory all governments approve of it to this day, but in practice it was not entirely successful, so that after a time and after many cabinet councils, it was determined to allow the subjects to reserve enough to live on, so that they could continue to bring in things. The reader will understand the philosophy of this. However, the question then arose, what *was* enough to live on? and a long struggle was precipitated. It was a glorious epoch in government when the chiefs got to leaving the subjects enough to come out alive on in the spring and enough more for seed, and it was a still more glorious epoch when theory and practice were so justly balanced that the government got the very largest amount possible while at the same time the subjects were allowed to retain enough to maintain themselves in the very highest condition of productivity. This glorious epoch has not arrived yet.

As was to be expected, improvements have from time to time been made in the methods of government, and a safeguard now generally adopted is to require the subject to swear how many cocoanuts he has picked, in order to prevent him from flanoriously copping out a few and enjoying them with his friends.

The first subject did not like being a subject, very well, and when there came to be nations of 6 and 12 and 24 subjects they would complain and grumble and remark about the impositions put upon them. If they had got the pot well to boiling in this way they might have slipped the yoke—or, rather, to sustain the figure, they might have cooked the chief's goose, but treachery from time to time revealed the grumbler to the chief. Now, as will surprise those who do grasp the great central idea of government, the chief took a personal dislike against people who worked or spoke against the government, and he was especially bitter and uncompromising against those who attempted to disenchew him. He would, therefore, spear the ill-advised critics and elevate the betrayers to the peerage. In this way the rulers kept their people ever happy and content. To fill their cup to overflowing the chief would, on all public occasions, restate to them the propositions that they were noted for their enlightenment and their patriotism and especially for their love of liberty which was so strong as to be simply intolerant of restraint in any form which had not been thought up yet. He would tell them that they had founded (they, mind you) a government which was a pattern to all peoples, and which simply could not be duplicated at the price. He would ask,

Who dare criticise a government bearing the stamp of the approval of such a people? He called those who were with him *loyal*, and the people liked it, and the word was a great success; but his greatest success was in naming those who were against him. He invented for them the name of traitor, and the loyal people became very hot against traitors and began to roll the *r* in the word at an early date. Of course, in these times, we can see that there was formerly pressing need of some good advance traitors, and in fact, after carefully considering the older times, it seems to me that traitor was about the most complimentary thing you could call a man. It is certainly strange: although we are constantly told of sagacious sovereigns, and monarchs who encouraged progress, and kings who were great patrons of learning, we have never yet heard of a king who conferred a degree on a traitor. I can account for this only by assuming that the king never lost sight of the great central idea of government.

Williston Fish.

IN 19—.

What wonder that her pretty head
Drooped low? I heard each word he said
To her,—his bride,—intent to please
That heartless man: "My dear Louise,
You 'll never equal,—I must say,—
The golf my mother used to play!"

Aldis Dunbar.

A CASE IN POINT.

CRAWFORD.—Women are never satisfied.
CRABSHAW.—That's so. M' wife begged me to get
her a chinchilla coat and now she wants to go South for the
Winter.



FINANCIAL SUCCESS.

HAMPATTER.—So you presented *Hamlet* very successfully in Coon Hollow?

BARNSTORMER.—Yes; somebody yelled, "fire!" and after the rush was over I picked up seven pocketbooks.

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A WORLD-SERMON.

Dis worl' is curious ez kin be,
In spite er glad bells chimin':
De bes' fruit highest on de tree,
En some ain't bo'n fer climbin'!

But, 't ain't no use ter stop en sigh
Whilst still de race ter win, suh;
Even ef de ripe fruit hang too high,
Des shake down what you kin, suh!

—Atlanta Constitution.

A HANDICAP YOUTH.

"The trouble about our boy Josh," said Farmer Corntassel, "is that we have n't given him the proper kind of a show to come out strong."

"We've always been careful and saving," said his wife.

"That's jest the point. In most stories an' plays the boy that would n't work goes away from home, an' ain't heard of till he comes back an' pays off de mortgage. Now we've been that industrious that there ain't any mortgage left fer Josh to pay off." —Washington Star.



A PRECAUTION.

"Have some corn?"

"No, thank you—not unless you offer it to me with both hands!"

You look better, feel better, are better when your run down system is invigorated with Abbott's, the Original Angostura Bitters. At druggists.

A household word to-day. Cook's Imperial Extra Dry Champagne, in which the highest quality possible is maintained.

TRUSTFULNESS.

"Charley, is a wonderfully bright man," said young Mrs. Torkins.

"Indeed?"

"Yes. He can pick out the horse that ought to have won the race every time. And if it did n't win that is n't Charley's fault." —Washington Star.

WHY IS IT?

"He's what I call a 'good loser.'"

"He did n't seem that way to me."

"Why, I saw him lose one hundred and fifty dollars at poker last night, and he did n't kick at all."

"Funny! You should have heard him swear to-day when he dropped a half-dollar and it rolled down the culvert." —Catholic Standard and Times.

HER PAPA'S.

"Gee-whizz!" exclaimed the reporter, looking over his report of the wedding in the paper, "I'll bet that bridegroom will be sore."

"What's the matter?" asked the Snake Editor.

"He owns an old family homestead out in the suburbs somewhere, I believe, and he told me to say 'the young couple will reside at the Old Manse.' The paper's got it 'Old Man's.'" —Philadelphia Press.



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NEW YORK.

New York Central's Grand Central Station,



A MOURNER.

MIKE.—Did ye attind Casey's funeral?
PAT.—Oi did.
MIKE.—Was ye wan av th' mourners?
PAT.—Oi was;—somebody stole me hat!

A REASONABLE EXPLANATION.

LEADER LYNCHING PARTY.—It's been proved that this horse is Si Silo's, and you was ridin' on 'im. Now, wot you got to say before we string ye up?" HORSE-THIEF.—The horse disappeared the night o' the cyclone, didn't he? "Y-e-s."

"Well, I happened along about that time, and the cyclone blew the horse out o' th' barn and blew me onto his back and w'en I came to my sineses I was forty miles away."

"Wall, that's reasonable. Beg pardon fer suspectin' yeh."—*N. Y. Weekly*.

A GREAT WORRY.

"How's your mother?" asked the neighbor.

"Worried to death," answered the boy who was swinging on the front gate. "Father's hunting in the Adirondacks, brother Bill's gone to a political convention, brother Jake's joined a foot-ball team and the dressmaker just told mother that she'd look a fright in mourning."—*Washington Star*.

BRICKS WITHOUT STRAW.

MRS. NEWLIVED.—Bridget, we'll have fried eggs for breakfast, and—
BRIDGET.—We can't Mum; there is n't an egg in the house.

MRS. NEWLIVED.—Well then, just make an omelet. I like that better, anyway.—*Philadelphia Press*.

The Idle Hour

anywhere,
will suggest
the aroma and the luxury
of the idle East if you're a
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Egyptian Deities.

No better Turkish cigarette can be
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A SCHOOL OF JOURNALISM.

"So you think you will have a newspaper in Crimson Gulch?"
"Yes," answered Bronco Bob.
"Who will be the editor?"
"Rattlesnake Pete. We held a competitive examination and he's the only man who can write with one hand and fire a revolver with the other."—*Washington Star*.

FOOD.

MISS KULCHER.—He's professor of classics out at the university, is n't he?

MISS INEZ ZENT.—Yes; and he's a vegetarian, too, so Mr. Kidder tells me.

MISS KULCHER.—Did he really tell you that?
MISS INEZ ZENT.—Well, he said he simply lived on Greek roots.—*Philadelphia Press*.

TROUBLE.

"What's the matter with the Sultan?" asked the palace attendant. "I just saw him diving for his steel-lined subcellar."

"He's scared again," was the answer.
"Assassins after him?"
"No. There is a progressive euchre party in the harem, and somebody has been accused of cheating."—*Washington Star*.

AGILE.

"You had a surprising nerve to jump over that fence," said the farmer's wife, angrily.

"Ah!" replied Weary Willie, politely lifting his tattered hat; "but my agility, Madam; was that not even more surprising?"—*Catholic Standard and Times*.

PATIENCE.

"There's one thing I will say," remarked Mr. Cumrox, "and that is that my daughter Arabella has a fine disposition."

"Indeed!"
"Yes, sir. The way she can sit for hours listening to herself play on the piano shows remarkable self-control."—*Washington Star*.



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O'BRIEN.—Hivin save us, Casey! Pwhat are ye swarin' in thot terrible
way fur?

CASEY (on the run).—Oi 'm late fur church ag'in this Sunda' mornin',
thot 's phwat!—*Philadelphia Press*.

SURE TO COME NOW.

HUSBAND.—All the women in El Paso, Texas, will soon be wearing
divided skirts.

WIFE.—Horrors! Why do you think so?

HUSBAND.—The men have passed a law against it.—*N. Y. Weekly*.

A QUESTION OF DIGNITY.

"The trouble about Shakspere," said the man who is first of all a practical
financier, "is that it is n't likely to put an actor on his feet."

"That's true," answered Mr. Stormington Barnes. "Yet it has an advantage
over the modern drama in not compelling him to stand on his head."—
—*Washington Star*.

AN EYE TO BUSINESS.

MISTRESS.—Did you bring any
references with you?

COOK.—No'm. I thought I'd get
the place first.—*Detroit Free Press*.

HIS PREFERENCE.

"Br'er Williams don't like de idee er
de heavenly rivers flowin' wid milk en
honey!"

"He don't?"

"No. Peach en honey is de only
thing dat hits de spot wid him!"—
—*Atlanta Constitution*.

WE HAVE observed that when a
number of women get together no one
looks more chesty than the one who
declares that "her church does n't owe
a cent."—*Atchison Globe*.

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THE ELEPHANT.—Hic—scushe me, Mrs. Shimian! Will yer—hic—come down an’—hic—sort out, Misher Shimian? We—hic—wanter—hic—g’ home.

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THE EAGLE.—Yes, lots of it. I've started a scheme for teaching people how to fly by correspondence.

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WITH IT?—HOW?
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